13.

A

LETTER

From the

Dutch. of Portſmouth

TO

Madam GWYN,

On HER Landing in *FRANCE*.

TO tell you I arriv'd ſafe at *Callis* wou'd be too much trouble to you, that I had an ill Paſſage, or was Shipwrack'd by the way, wou'd give you occaſion of too much Joy. That you may not miſcarry between theſe two Extreams, nor break your heart with Exceſs of either, I am willing to give you the moſt moderate Account of my Voyage, that the ſhortneſs of time, and tediouſneſs of the Journey can afford: The Winds fair, the Sea ſmooth, and the Ship ſound, (not every Plank three Inches aſſunder, as you wiſh'd at parting) I skip'd away as ſmoothly as you cou'd expect, in a Golden Chariot, that hopt into it out of a Wheelbarrow. All the Marriners were my Votaries, they look'd upon me as the Star by which they guided, and the Sea-Nymphs paid me Veneration; for *Neptune*, whom they moſt obey, is but *Charle's* Vice-Admiral, and you may imagine what Influence I had upon him; he proffer'd me vaſt Treaſure of *Indian* Gems, Gold and Pearl, if I wou'd interceed to make him Admiral; I took his Jewels, but for the reſt (*Pardonne Moy Madam*) I have a Prince of my own, and for all *Grafton* is the Elder Tarpollin, I hope to ſee young *Richmond* Maſter of the Sea-Horſe, as well as Land; he offer'd me many Civilities, and wou'd have come in for a ſnack with his Brother-Monarch, alleadging, I was *Venus* the Goddeſs, that ſprung from the Sea, and for the better Peopleing of his Dominions, wo'd have got upon me a Generation of *Maremaids*; I told him, I was no *Sea-Rat*, *Otter* or *Eele*, though I wriggled through the Mud to the Throne, as well as your Self. Nor was I like a *Frog* or *Vermine*, Born in a Ditch, and Deſtin'd to Die there, as your Noble Predeceſſor: And therefore I did you the Juſtice, to recommend him to your Ladyſhip, to whom, for your Extraction, he might have a juſter Title; ſo that in a ſhort time, you may expect a Viſit from his Excellency, as well as from the *Morocco*, or (in caſe he do not think it worth his time) a Deputation of a *Dutch Cargo*, with a Ship's Crew of *Flemmings*, who love to lie ſleeping in Brandy and Sippets, a Conſtitution able to allay the fury of ſuch

groſs

groſs Stomachs. There are ſeveral Ladies at Court of the ſame Continency, to whom I cou'd recommend a Sea-Horſe, Whale or Porpoiſe, or the Pump, Bolſprit, or Main-maſt of our Ship, to ſerve inſtead of the Standard, or a Regiment of *Swits* from the King of *France* his Guards; But as the Ladies of *England* have the Honour to ſit at the Head of the Board, I know they have Wit enough to Carve for themſelves. They ſeldom let a-good Bit paſs their own Chaps, and let Twenty Diſhes be preſented at a Courſe, I know their Appetites will ſerve them to taſte of all, and after all that, in the Evening will take a Collation with the Cook, or Butler, or a Snack with the Coachman at Night, rather than go Supperleſs to Bed. Yet theſe lie under no Circumſtance of Luſt or Intemperance, becauſe their Husbands keep a frugal Table, though the Sawcy Page, or Liquoriſh Lacky, has often a finger in the Diſh, before his Lordſhip hath wiped his Whiskers. But theſe are ſafe under the Cloak of a Husband, whilſt you and I lie under the Cenſure of every Cobler and Tinker, that will take upon him to Order and Regulate affairs of State, even to the Bed-Chamber. Well! of all ſorts of Whores, the Miſs is the moſt Deplorable, Naked and Expos'd to the Laſh of every Pariſh-Beadle, whilſt Matrimonial Concupiſcence paſſes inviſible under that Vizard. The fawning Cuckold will vindicate his Wives Honour, to ſave his own Reputation, and is always a puſhing in his own Defence, and well he may, for his Horns are generally the largeſt of all the Beaſts in the Forreſt. In truth, take my Advice, Marry and take up in time, before you be caſt off, for you will find at my return, the Ebb will be ſo low, that the next Retrenchment muſt be upon the Whores. What though it be ſome honeſt Tapſter, or ſtrong-water-man, 'twill ſerve to keep up your Spirits with the Dregs of Pots and Quarterns, when Age draws upon you; or ſtrike up with ſome luſty Jocky at *Newmarket*. You are of ſo true a Breed, while he has you by the Bit, he cannot want a Runner; beſides, you may make a hand of it, and bring in Ten to One of the Lay, by going Booty, while you are in Riding-Caſe, no matter who Mounts the Saddle. The beſt Gennet, when ſhe is paſt Service, is thrown to the Dogs. It may be your Fate, ſince Wrinckles, Age and Uglineſs, the Tyrants of Loves Empire, have already Uſurpt the Throne of Beauty, and have a care you fall not a Fee to the Grooms of the Stable, when you are no longer fit for the Royal Game. This (*Madam*) if you mind in time, is the laſt and beſt Advice can be given from

Your Friend

PORTSMOUTH.

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